

An O. Henry Story

He Also Serves

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"There's some letters," says I, "on his nob's pedestal, but I can't make 'em out. The alphabet of this country seems to be composed of some letters, a, e, i, o, and u, generally, 'a', 'e', 'i', 'o', and 'u'."

"High Jack's ethnology gets the upper hand of his rum for a minute, and he investigates the inscription. 'Hunky,' says he, 'this is a statue of Tiotopaxi, the most powerful of the gods of the ancient Aztecs.'"

"Glad to know him," says I, "but in his present condition he reminds me of the joke Shakespeare got off on Julius Caesar. We might say about your friend: 'Imperious What's-his-name, dead and turned to stone—' 'No use to write or call him on the 'phone.'"

"Hunky," says High Jack Snakefeeder, looking at me funny, "do you believe in reincarnation?" "It sounds to me," says I, "like either a clean-up of the slaughter-houses or a new kind of Boston pink. I don't know."

"I believe," says he, "that I am the reincarnation of Tiotopaxi. My researches have convinced me that the Aztecs, of all the North American tribes, can boast of the straightest descent from the proud Aztec race. That, says he, 'was a favorite theory of mine and Florence Blue Feather's. And she—what if she—'"

"High Jack grabs my arm and walks his eyes at me. Just then he looked more like his eminent co-Indian murderer, Crazy Horse."

"Well, says I, 'what if she, what if she?' 'You're drunk,' says I. 'Impersonating idols and believing in—what was it?—reincarnation? Let's have a drink.'"

"It's as spooky here as a Brooklyn artificial limb factory at midnight with the gas turned down. 'Just then I heard somebody coming, and I dragged High Jack into the bedless bedchamber. There was peepholes bored through the wall, so we could see the whole front part of the temple. Maj. Bing told me afterward that the ancient priests in charge used to rubber through them at the congregation."

"In a few minutes an old Indian woman came in with a big earthen dish full of grub. She set it on a square block of stone in front of the graven image, and laid down and wallowed her face on the floor a few times, and then took a walk for herself."

"High Jack and me was hungry, so we came out and looked it over. There was goat steaks and fried ricecakes, and plantains and cassava, and boiled landcrabs and mangoes—nothing like what you get at Chubb's."

"We were hearty—and had another round of rum. 'It must be old Tecumseh—or whatever you call him—birthday,' says I. 'Or do they feed him every day?' 'Thought gods only drank vanilla on Mount Caucasus.'"

"Then some more native parties in short kimonos that showed their aboriginals punctured the near horizon. High Jack and me went back into Father Adelphi's private boudoir. They came by ones, twos

Did You See This?

Three girls sat on the side seat in the front of the street car. They were giggling a great deal and were giggling at something. Whenever the motorman about something. Whenever the car stopped to discharge or load passengers the motorman turned and answered the girls' tripping and giggling, and once he called one of them by her first name."

Presently a disgruntled man pushed his way up the aisle, appraised the suspicious silliness of the young girls, and passed disgruntled into the front vestibule. He leered over his shoulder at the girls and said something in an undertone to the motorman. The motorman turned and looked in amazement at the man who called the eye of the girls' heads meaningly at the three girls."

The motorman turned back to his wheel. The brakes moaned and the car jerked to a standstill. The man who called the eye of the girls' heads meaningly at the three girls, was waiting for his concurrence—when the car door banged open and the motorman swung around."

"Get off this car," he said, and his manner left little room for argument. A situation and a human being at a glance insists upon using his head. This was not his destination. He knew, and all that sort of thing, and he didn't know the little girl were ought to the motorman, and so forth."

"Get—!" and the motorman drew back his fist. But the wise man had got."

Almost every table at Nunnally's was filled by the after-theater crowd. Occasionally a fur-coated girl would call for a sundae, but generally the order was for chocolate, for it was sleeting outside and the wind was high. There was the usual indistinct hum of voices rising from reminiscences, and the usual tone of the outburst to the general tone of the place. Then from the balcony a clear young voice called out:

"Ladies and gentlemen—' Every voice hushed and every eye turned on the flushed and fervent blond."

"Let us strike against this ice cream; it's too cold. We have but one recourse, and that is to strike!" Everyone looked for his companion in this joke, but he was alone. He did not remain to incite the people to action, but hurried down the steps and out the door."

"I wonder where he got it," some of the men commented sadly. "What will these Bolsheviks do next?" a serious-minded woman wondered."

At another table a crowd of college boys who acted as though they might know the whence and whither of the young man, but before they left, I noticed the pin they wore over their hearts bore the same insignia and Greek letters of the fraternity."

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Blind, Yet Record Worker

Cords 325 Mail Sacks Daily



WILLIAM ALLEN WEST.

NIMBLE fingers and willingness to work have often cheated blindness.

But William Allen West, of Seat Pleasant, Md., employed in the equipment shops of the U. S. Post Office Department, Fifth and W streets northeast, has given his affliction the laugh. He has performed the greatest day's work in the department where cords are put into new mail bags, and holds the record—325 bags in one day. His average daily output is about 325 bags, the same as the others doing the same work.

West has been inserting cords in Uncle Sam's mail bags since 1917. He has been blind for twenty years, but during practically all of that period he has been a producer. Before his present affliction, he was the head of the industrial work for the blind at the work shops of the Blind Aid Association in Georgetown. There he made brooms and directed the shop operations.

His daily capacity in broom manufacture was between four and five dozen finished brooms. This work is slower for the blind, however, and a blind man's output is about one-half of that of a man having eyesight.

An interesting fact comes from the war's day's work a cord inserting was about 250 bags. During the war this was speeded up to 300. But West went after a record, and having established the star mark, he split the difference and gives Uncle Sam 325 a day. As a consequence the other workers are now turning out the same number.

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Seat Pleasant Man Sets Mark For Uncle Sam

This Seat Pleasant, Md., blind man is a champion producer in the cord inserting department of Uncle Sam's mail bag factory in the northeast section. West established a record of 325 bags for one day's work, and averages 325 every day, the same as the other workers.

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The Marriage Mill

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR.
(Copyright, 1921, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)
You Can Begin This Story Any Day!

THE LONELY HEART.

Allison ran through the garden that separated the Atherton house from the Gibsons.

She sped up the steps of the side veranda, intent on finding relief from the mood that possessed her in Kate Gibson's kindly philosophy.

But as she raised her hand to knock on the door that led into the Gibsons' cozy library, her glance fell on the shade, only half lowered at the casement window.

Through the folds of the wine-colored and drapery, that was also pushed back, she glimpsed the glowing fire on the Gibsons' hearth.

In a deep armchair, drawn close to the hearth, George Gibson lay comfortably, his slippers feet spread to the ruddy warmth. A pipe hung between his lips, and he stared with drowsy content into the flames.

Close beside him on the low footstool which was Allison's favorite, sat Kate Gibson, her slim hands locked about her knees. Her head rested against the broad arm of her husband's chair, and his fingers lay caressingly in his heavy masses.

There was serenity in the very poise of her, in her eyes, and in the little half-smile that hovered about her lips.

Kate Gibson had passed through the mill and had emerged whole. Allison dropped the hand that would have disturbed the peaceful scene.

She went slowly down the steps and paused irresolute.

Before the Atherton hearth she knew that Barbara Wales and her mother drowsed peacefully.

Once again, as on that chill autumn night when Kate Gibson had found her hobbling in the garden, she felt forlorn and alone.

The thought of home and the two women sleeping by the fireside was distasteful. Besides, it was not her home, not her friends.

Slowly she turned down the avenue, with some vague idea of seeking out Fannie Wardwell. It might be that the ubiquitous Edwards was out of town and she would find Fannie alone and sympathetic as she had been in the first weeks after Larry's marriage.

At thought of meeting Larry here, Allison stopped and almost turned back. But with the reassuring certainty that Larry would not be attending an evening at home with the Country Club and the Tory Grants' poker parties within motoring distance, she hurried on.

But her hopes of seeing Fannie were blighted.

Frieda, concealing her surprise at a call from the tempestuous bride of the household, ushered her into the dimly lit drawing room and discreetly withdrew.

Fannie sprang up with a little cry of welcome which did not seem wholly sincere to Allison's super-sensitive ear.

Allison shook hands gravely with Burton Edwards.

"I hear you've 'blacked' to make your home in Bermuda. Is it kind of you to take Fannie so far away from—us all?"

She had been about to say "from her family," when she remembered the avowed intimacy of Jane and Mrs. Osborne to accompany the bride party.

Edwards smiled placidly. For once he was not voluble and Allison considered this a good omen.

"Looking at his determined mouth and chin, she wondered if Jane and Mrs. Osborne would find their visit in Bermuda as pleasant and satisfactory as they anticipated. She rarely thought it a bit thick of Jane to force herself on the couple, considering that she could almost be termed a jilted flame of Edwards'."

"I'm making you a trousseau gift, Fannie. I'll bring it over one day next week. I've dropped it in to get Mrs. Osborne about the charity she prevaricated easily. 'Will I find her in her room?'"

"Myra is in the library," replied Fannie, looking relieved. "I'll take you to her. Jane and Alice have gone to their bridge club and—"

she hesitated, and added swiftly, "Larry went out right after dinner."

Allison elevated her little pointed chin.

"Well, I didn't come to see Larry, you know," she said with a forced laugh.

"I'm sorry," breathed Fannie, but it was impossible to tell whether she referred to her faux pas or to the breach between her nephew and his bride."

Allison remained with Myra a very short time. The latter was surrounded by committee reports and was too completely wrapped up in the pros and cons of the new way to be entirely human and sympathetic.

But just before Allison left, when Myra walked to the gate with her and stood looking out across the winter moonlight, she caught a queer, far-away look in the calm eyes of the older woman, and for a moment an expression of infinite pathos crossed the strong face.

Allison recalling the old story about the love who had died in the Philippines, wondered if Myra was thinking about him; if the chill moonlight conjured up visions of the June of her youth and love to taunt her loneliness.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

at the intersection between Broadway and Seventh avenue and on the sixth street in Longacre Square.

For "professional reasons" Maurer and Walton, who were divorced last year, had to renew their dancing partnership. Miss Walton hinted before sailing for Paris to join Maurice that they may be remarried. They dropped out of the spotlight after the older woman's team they were in demand, but singly they found scant public favor.

Rudolph Block, who is best known by his pen name Bruno Lesinger, holds down the job of idea expert for cartoonists and comic strip men employed by a syndicate of newspapers. But when it comes to ideas for Xmas gifts he is totally at sea. He has a friend living on a ranch in the far West to whom he wished to send a present and so he went shopping. Among the things suggested and shown to him were a painted tin tea ball, a wrist rest case, a box of soap, a brush, a side of the bed, an eye-glass polisher stamped on leather and a sachet to be worn in the hat crown. He wound up by buying a brass cuspidor.

New York's best known landmark of the recent war is being torn down. The hut was used as an entertainment center and information bureau for returning soldiers and occupied one of the most costly pieces of real estate in the world.

John Carmody, 142 E. Tenth street northwest, "Norma Talmadge is my ideal of an actress; she is there when it comes to portraying any kind of an emotion, and that's what it takes."

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Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M.

New York—WASHINGTON—Paris

Close 6 P. M.



January Sale Upholstery and Drapery Materials

Brings the Most Interesting Prices on Beautiful Fabrics

50-inch Mercerized Cotton Velvets, Sale Price, \$3.75 yard

In plain rose, mulberry, sand and blue; also figured blue and antique striped blue and striped mulberry; 4 1/2 to 50 yards of a kind.

27-inch Silk Velour, January Sale Price, \$3.75 yard

These are marked only at about 1/4 of the regular price. Short lengths ranging from 1, 1 1/4 to 10 yards. A remarkably fine quality suitable for upholstery, pillows, cushions, table scarfs, fancy work, etc. Rich, beautiful shades—Crimson, Reseda, Magenta.

New Showing of Repts and Armures, Sale Prices, \$2.25 to \$5.00 yard

Some from our own stock and others purchased for the sale. Included are plain repts, embossed repts, armures, rippled cloth, in rose, blue, green, tan, mulberry and putty.

Antique Mercerized Damask, Sale Price \$3.75 yard

A very desirable fabric in good designs and in good shades of blue and rose; suitable for draperies and upholstery. Full 50-inch width.

50-inch Poplins, Sale Price, 85c yard

A very large collection of 50-inch Poplins in lengths ranging from 1 to 5 yards, and in colors of rose, brown, green, blue, mulberry, red, tan and gold. Appropriate for most every home beautifying and decorating purpose.

Imported Cotton Tapestry, Sale Prices, \$4.50, \$5, \$6 and \$6.50 yard

They are the genuine French Tapestries with their well-known fine weave and rich colorings; many designs.

Silk Velours, Sale Price, \$5 yard

Short ends of materials at less than half price. A large collection of short lengths of fine silk velours in green, rose, brown, gold, blue, mulberry, etc., suitable for upholstery, cushions, pillows, table runners. Lengths range from 7/8 to 4 yards of a kind.

January Sale Lace Curtains at Real Savings

Many Curtains from our own stocks and others are small sample lines and odd lots obtained from importers and makers. Altogether it is a most desirable collection and the savings are mighty desirable.

50 Pairs Bobbinet Curtains, \$2.85 pair

Soft madras weave, finished with neat lace edge, in light ecru coloring, for living room, dining room and bedroom. 2 1/2 yards long.

200 pairs Voile and Marquisette Curtains

\$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 \$4.00, \$6.50 and \$7.50 pair

Designs in these curtains are suitable for all parts of the home, some have hemstitched border and others in lace edge design with various other decorations. Very attractive are those that have Dutch valance.

White, Ecru and Ivory Curtains. Lengths, 2 1/4 and 2 1/2 yards. 1, 2, 3 to 10 pairs of a kind.

47 Pairs Scrim Curtains, \$1.85 pair

White and cream, with neat lace edge; 2 1/2 yards long.